

So Pour the Champagne

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Category: Doctor Who

Genre: Drama, Family

Language: English

Characters: 10th Doctor, Amelia P./Amy, Melody P., Rory W.

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-10 06:35:20

Updated: 2016-04-10 06:35:20

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:44:28

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,996

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: AU Based on the song by Panic! At the Disco, 'I Write Sins Not Tragedies'. Rory is going to get married but his family interrupts. His brother also knows something he doesn't...

So Pour the Champagne

****So Pour the Champagne****

Today was the day. Today he was going to get married. Rory Williams and Amy Pond, finally together at last. Sure, they had a few ups and downs (his family) but they were going to get married! God, he sounded like a giddy high school girl. But who wouldn't get excited? This was such a big day for him! He looked at himself in the mirror and straightened his black tie; then brushed his hair out of his face. He pulled his jacket and smiled at his reflection. He checked his watch. 12:45; just a few more minutes before the wedding. He turned and went out.

He checked inside and saw Amy's family seated on one side. They all wore appropriate clothing, he cringed. He really wasn't used to normal clothing. He looked at the other side. The other side was pathetically empty. Where was his family? He told them all individually to come early or on time, but no. Not his family! Oh wellâ€¦

"Ahem," interrupted someone behind him. He glanced behind him and right there was the priest, short as ever.

"Hello, Father." Rory greeted.

"I think it's time that you got to your place, boy." The priest motioned his head inside.

"Ah, yes. Of course, see you inside." Rory went down the aisle. He ignored Amy's family staring at him. He could never figure out why

they didn't like him. Was it just because of his family? They were weird, yes, but that's how they were.

'Don't let that bother you,' his subconscious told him. His subconscious was usually right. Usually.

Everyone stood up and glanced at the doorway. Rory turned and saw Amy. She was beautiful. Gorgeous, actually. Her medium length ginger hair was down in all its glory; she wore a lovely white heart shaped dress; and placed in her hands was a bouquet of white roses. She smiled at her soon to be beloved and he smiled back. She started to walk down the aisle as the pianist played 'Here Comes the Bride'.

Once she was in front of him she smiled again and said, "I love you."

His lips curled into a small smile. "I love you, too."

"Dearly beloved," started the priest. "We are gathered here in the sight of God, and in the face of company, to join this man and this woman in holy matrimony; which is an honorable estate, instituted of God, signifying unto us the mystical union that is betwixt Christ and His church: which holy estate Christ adorned and beautified with his presence"

Rory blocked out the priest's words and concentrated on Amy's wonderful face, who was staring back at him. Her emerald eyes piercing him like a knife would to its victim. Her pink medium sized lips smirking at him. Her pale porcelain skin

"let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace." The priest finished and looked at the guests, expecting a scandal to occur.

"WAIT!" A female and male voice screamed. Everyone whipped their heads toward the entrance and saw the 'intruders'. A male with spiked up hair and wearing a blue suit with overcoat came to them, hand in hand, with a teenage girl with short black hair wearing a pale blue blouse and black skirt. Behind them, a group of people followed them.

An elderly man with a cane strolled in, an air of authority radiating off him. Two men, one holding a recorder and the other wearing a dashing cape, came with a boy and a girl, the first one wearing Scottish attire while the other one was wearing a pink lacy dress. Another pair, a man with a large ridiculous scarf and a girl wearing red overalls, followed. Behind them were other two men, one with a celery on his lapel and the other wearing a comical rainbow coat, behind them followed two women. One of those women wore a flight attendant outfit while the other wore a tight magenta blouse with bell cut jeans. Behind them, was a girl wearing a black jacket and a man with a hat and umbrella. Following them was another young man with Victorian styled clothes who was accompanied by a woman wearing a smart suit. Then, a man with a leather jacket came in with a blonde girl who wore a blue jacket and pale pink skirt walked in. Following them, a man with military styled coat came side to side with three other women; one with black hair wearing an emerald dress, the other had ginger hair wore an azure dress, and the last one had curly dirty blond hair wore a long white loose garb. Finally, an older looking

man with a hooded sweater, a woman with a gray sweater and jeans, and a small girl with a beige dress walked in.

After their grand entrance, they all sat down. Amy glared at them, furious. Her family was getting worked up, too. Rory just sighed. He knew that they would come late and make a big deal of it. He stared at his brother and cousin, the two who had interrupted the ceremony. Their names were John and Susan. They caught his sight and grinned at him.

'Hey, at least our wedding is saved.' Reasoned his subconscious, who appeared beside him. He wore a long maroon coat with a black bowtie. On his head was a scarlet fez.

"Why did they come late?" Amy hissed at Rory.

'Somebody pour the champagne!' Hollered the subconscious.

"I'm sorry, but I told them to come early or on time. I didn't know they would come this late." He replied. He really didn't want to make his soon to be wife angry already!

"Well, tell them to behave!" She ordered. She glared at the group once again and they all giggled. "They are freaking insane! Why would you even invite them?"

It was Rory's turn to get offended. "They are my family! Why wouldn't I invite them?" Then he remembered her last remark and told her, "They are not insane. They're just different."

'Oh this is going to be funâ€¦' whispered the subconscious sadistically.

When Rory finished saying that, the man with the extremely long scarf got on top of his seat and placed a hand in his pocket. He took out his hand and blew out bits of sparkles to the other side of the room. Amy's family, once hit with the sparkles, stood up, grabbed a partner, and started to dance. Rory's family erupted with commotion. The elderly man chuckled with satisfaction; the men, except John and the one with the scarf, barked with laughter; the women giggled madly; and John, the scarf man, and the little girl pointed and cackled hysterically at the pairs dancing.

Amy started to fume with anger. "Get them to stop!" She demanded in a shrill voice.

"I can't! I didn't do it!" Protested Rory. His family was different, but they had their reasons.

"Yes you can! They are with you." She seethed. That struck something in him. How could she say something like that? Where was the Amy that he met and fell in love with? The one who joked with him and loved his family? Who was this who now who hated them?

'Remember what John told youâ€¦' scolded the subconscious. Was he even a subconscious anymore?

The little girl saw this and got scared. She wanted her cousin to get married. She turned to John and tugged his sleeve. He glanced at her.

"Tell Tom to stop. Rory wants to get married."

John's eyes softened a bit and he took a quick look towards Amy and Rory, who were still arguing. She didn't know. She didn't have to.
"Tom, Melody wants you to stop."

Tom nodded and with a quick gesture, everyone returned to their seats.

"_You are impossible!_" Shrieked Amy. With that, she threw her bouquet and stomped her way out of the room and went outside.

"Amy! Wait!" Rory started but then he saw a man follow her. He had never seen that man before. He wasn't part of her family or friends. Who was he?

'Oh, you are blind! Remember what John said!'

Rory, yesterday I saw your fiancée kiss someone else!

No, that wasn't true. That wasn't true at all. Amy loved him and he loved her. She didn't cheat on him or anything.

'Get over there! They didn't close the goddamn door!' Rory seemed unfazed by his subconscious' outburst. 'Oh my God, follow me!' Roared the subconscious, his face twisting into one of disgust. Rory felt an invisible force pull him to the door. His relatives got up and followed him. Rory peeped outside and saw something he never wanted to see.

Amy, his beloved, his fiancée, was kissing the mystery man. Her lips crashed with his in frenzy of dominance. Her lipstick was plastered over the man's lips and she gasped for breath.

'Well' the subconscious tipped his fez and continued to stare at the kissing duo.

Amy stopped and saw her unwanted audience. Her eyes filled up with malice and in a mock voice said, "Sorry."

Rory's group started to talk all at once.

"Oh my God! Oh no!" Susan cried.

"It was obvious from the start" the girl with the pink dress stated.

"Not Rory!" The flight attendant exclaimed.

"I'll pound her!" The girl in the black jacket threatened.

"I'll pound him!" The man in the military coat cracked his knuckles.

"Well, it was bound to happen" The man with the umbrella said solemnly.

"See Clara? Never get married," said the man in the sweater to the girl in the gray sweater.

Melody wrapped her slender arms around Rory's waist and started to cry. "Don't _you_ cry, Rory! Don't cry!"

Rory gaped at Amy. He couldn't believe this. His only and true love had betrayed him. What had he done wrong? He took care of her, gave her all she needed, said all the things she wanted to hear. But why was he kissing him? That man? Who the hell was he anyway? Why did he steal her from him?!

"Don't worry, Rory!" Melody kept crying. "Mona Lisa didn't mean it! Mona Lisa didn't mean it!" 'Mona Lisa' was the nickname Melody gave Amy because of her smile. It was just like the woman's on the painting.

"It's okay. It's okay." John consoled him, wrapping his arms around Rory. "Don't worry."

How could he not worry? His love betrayed him for someone else. He felt his eyes sting with tears.

'You have to relax.'

He closed his eyes and took a deep breath in. He pried Melody and John off him and headed inside.

'Good lad.' Smiled the subconscious.

He went into the bathroom and took a black duffle bag with him

Melody wiped her face with the back of her hand and sniffed. "Do you think Rory will be fine?"

John shrugged. "Rory is strong. He can cope." _If he tries, _he thought bitterly. He knew that sooner or later that Rory would find out. He turned his head to Amy, who was sitting between Ace and Jack. Amy gave him a death glare, but that didn't intimidate him.

They heard the door creak open and out came Rory. He was wearing his usual attire; a maroon coat with a bowtie and a fez on his head. In his hand was a black cane.

Melody giggled and ran up to his arms. He grabbed her and spun her around. "Glad to see you smiling, Melody." He kissed her forehead and she giggled some more. The tension in the air broke once Rory giggled as well. Everyone started to laugh and moved on; dancing, skipping, jumping, and what they always did best: running.

Amy and her family stared in shock as they left. After a few minutes, her relatives left, too. Amy still stood there. She growled and screamed in frustration.

"I am going to kill _him._"

End
file.